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THE
DISPENSARY:
AN
INTERLUDE



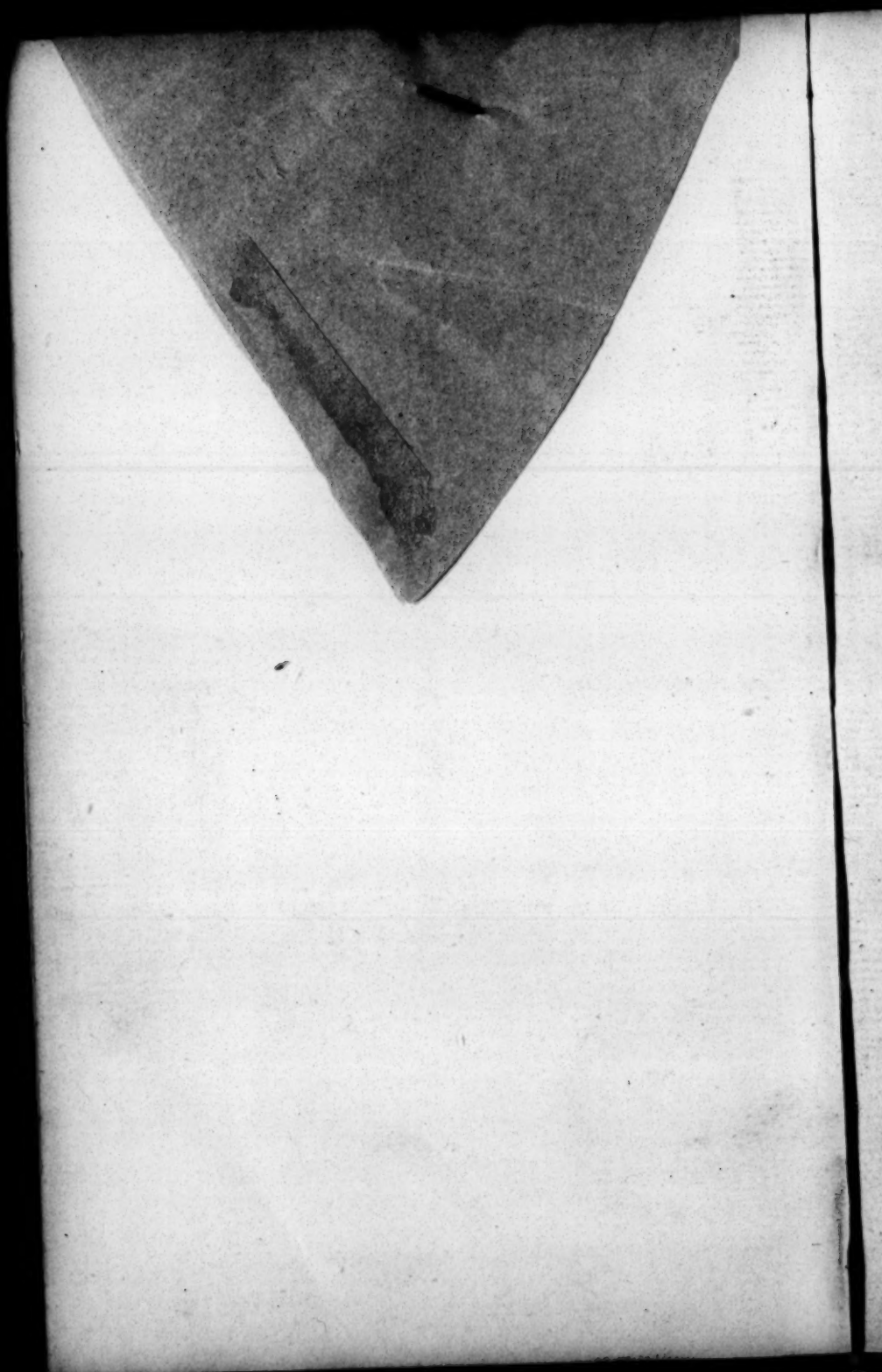
1. The Appendix on Interludes
by Spensford scholars 1780
Not known to the Editors of the
Pica: Dramatica.

2 The Election on Interlude
1784.

"The Pica is said to be
written by a Chequered in the
neighbourhood of Dartmouth
His whole person, & style,
his circumstances, that he had
at a Election of chequered for
that town ten years before
Pica: Drama.

Neither Place nor Person
have to suffer.

7. Said to be by the Rev. R. H. Bagshaw,
Esq. of Newnham, Dorset
in 1789 - The Pica, Interlude
copy of Pica Drama.



T H E
K
DISPENSARY:

A N
INTERLUDE.

Anon.

BY THREE COXWOLD SCHOLARS.

MDCCLXXX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MUDGE, an Apothecary.

The LORD MAYOR.

Alderman CRAPE, an Undertaker.

WAX, a Dispensary Doctor.

MARROWBONE, a Journeymen.

TOM, GEORGE, and CHARLES, Apprentices.

CAXON, a Porter.

FOOTBOY, PATIENTS, CONSTABLE and ATTENDANTS.



T H E
D I S P E N S A R Y.

Scene, an Apothecary's Shop in London.

MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM, GEORGE,
CHARLES, CAXON, and FOOTBOY.

M U D G E.

BUSTLE, bustle, my lads; the Procession will be here presently. Tom, form that mass of Pil Ruff into pills of five grains each. Gild them well, and let them be directed to LADY MILLINGTON. George, make up an electuary of any soft stuff in the shop, no matter what, if it only keep your elbows in motion when my Lord Mayor passes by. Charles, spread a large blister for the nape of the neck, and another for the head; and, if asked,

A 2

say

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say they are for a great Politician, who has just lost his senses. Mr Marrowbone, you will take care to overlook the whole, and see that every thing be conducted with regularity and alertness. Be particularly careful that Caxon employs himself stoutly at the great mortar, and see that the Footboy rattles his sieve upon the counter with dexterity. I shall just step into the parlour, and when the procession enters the street, let me be called.

[Exit.

M A R R O W B O N E.

This master of ours is a most unaccountable man indeed. Without any more practice than would maintain a couple of Jackdaws, he preserves the appearance of full business, which gains him such credit with his neighbours, that to my knowledge he has borrowed near a thousand pounds

pounds annually for these three years past. That, however, is no business of ours; we live well, and have easy places.

T O M.

Mr. Marrowbone, there is not a bit of Pil Ruff in the pot.

M A R R O W B O N E.

Then step to the Pastry Cook's, at the next door, and bring a piece of paste instantly. When disguised, it will make a box of excellent pills. [Exit Tom.

C H A R L E S.

Won't that be very dishonest, Mr. Marrowbone?

M A R R O W B O N E.

The word *Honesty*, Charles, has a different signification in the city from what it has in the country. The great Dr. Johnson, in the last edition of his Dictionary, has

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has the word thus: HONESTY, a noun substantive. It is derived from *honestas*, and *formerly* meant SINCERITY, UPRIGHTNESS, but *now* has a different signification. See ROGUERY.

Enter T O M.

I have brought the paste, Mr. Marrowbone; what must I do with it?

M A R R O W B O N E.

Put it into the small brass mortar, and beat it up into a mass with a drachm of lamp black, to be formed into pills of five grains each. For the future, Charles, ask no questions, but do as you are commanded, and keep faithfully and honestly the secrets of the shop, to which you are bound by your indentures.

A L L.

We will be as secret as the grave, Mr. Marrowbone.

M A R.

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MARROWBONE.

Sir, Sir, the procession is entering the street. I hear the music at a distance.

Enter MUDGE.

All hands to work, my lads.—The great mortar sounds much too sharp.

CAXON.

We have nothing to put into it, Sir.

MUDGE.

Put that into it, you blockhead (*pulling off his woollen nightcap*). Now there is something to work upon. George, move your elbows a little faster. You boy, rattle your sieve a little smarter. Bravo!

[Walks backwards and forwards smartly]

[Enter a procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen returning from the Guildhall. with music. When the Lord Mayor comes opposite to the shop, Mr. Mudge respectfully bows to him.]

LORD

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LORD MAYOR.

I fear, Mr. Mudge, the city is very sickly.

M U D G E.

It is, my Lord; and I assure your Lordship, that at this present moment I have no less than seventy patients at the point of death.

M A R R O W B O N E.

Seventy three, Sir, upon the day-book.

M U D G E.

Yes, seventy three, my Lord; all of whom are under a course of my Black Antipestilential Pills; and I will engage for it, that not above one in the whole number shall die. Nay, my Lord, I have cured people even after they *were* dead. For, according to the doctrine of a celebrated Philosopher, no man is properly dead till he is rotten; and I assure your Lordship that this great discovery has not
only

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only filled my pockets, but has considerably decreased the bills of mortality. I have just now four dead men under a course of my *Reviving Embrocation*. One has already stirred his right leg; another has moved his left eye-lid; and Mr. Cotillion, the Dancing-Master, who has been two days dead, will, I hope, within a week, be able to dance a minuet. And my fourth patient, a waiter at the Devil Tavern, has been heard to cry "coming Sir" as he lay in his coffin.

LORD MAYOR.

These are wonderful cures, Mr. Mudge.

MUDGE.

Wonderful indeed, my Lord Mayor. Death, my Lord, is now quite undone: he may sell his scythe to some Irish hay-maker, and his hour-glass to the Proprietors of the York Baths. Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, my Lord Mayor, it is

B

truly

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truly comical to see people walking the streets after lying at the bottom of the Thames for a fortnight. And no longer ago than last Friday, a man was taken to an Undertaker's in Grace-Church-Street, for interment, having fallen from the top of the Monument, and pitch'd upon a cart loaded with hay. The Undertaker, at first, denied me entrance; but having obtained a Writ of Habeas Corpus, I gained admittance, and in a few hours sent the man home to his family, without any other damage than the loss of two fore teeth, which I am in hopes of replacing as soon as the Scavenger has found them.

LORD MAYOR.

Pray, Mr. Mudge, be so kind as to let me have a box of your Pissential Pills, and a bottle of your Brocation, for I think no family should be without them.

MUDGE

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M U D G E.

Your Lordship shall have them tomorrow. Those upon the counter are for a Mr. SMALLWOOD, of Berkshire, of whom I bought an estate the other day, value seven thousand pounds, and if I would give the world I know not how to raise the last five hundred without selling out.

L O R D M A Y O R.

My good friend, Mr. Mudge, bring the Pills tomorrow, and think no more of the five hundred. You shall have it upon your note, and twice as much if you want it.

M U D G E.

I shall wait upon your Lordship tomorrow forenoon, but beg that the money may not be engaged to me, for if stocks rise in the Alley, I shall certainly sell.

B 2

L O R D

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L O R D M A Y O R.

I hope they will *fall*, Mr. Mudge ;
you will, however, eat your Turtle with
me tomorrow at four.

M U D G E.

Your Lordship is very kind.

L O R D M A Y O R.

Good morrow, Mr. Mudge.

M U D G E.

Good morrow, my Lord.

*[The procession moves on slowly. When Alderman
Crape comes opposite to Mr. Mudge, the follow-
ing short dialogue takes place, during which the
procession and music stop.]*

A L D E R M A N C R A P E.

You are a vile rascal, Mr. Mudge ; and
when you die, you must not expect the
burial of a Christian.

M U D G E.

I never offended you, Mr. Crape, in
my life ; and I assure you that it is my
utmost

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utmost ambition to live upon good terms with all my neighbours, Mr. Alderman Crape, the *Undertaker*, in particular.

[Bows respectfully, but archly.]

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

The Faculty were formerly my best friends, but you, Mr. Mudge, have ruined our whole fraternity. In a little time we shall have nothing left to bury but Lapdogs and kept Mistresses. You are a most abominable villain, Mr. Mudge, a most abominable villain indeed.

[The procession moves on.]

[The procession being gone off, Mr. Marrowbone puts up a board over the shop door, inscribed, THE DISPENSARY.]

M U D G E.

It is now twelve o'clock, and no Doctor. I fear the fellow has some thoughts of leaving us; for if you remember, Mr. Marrowbone, he has of late been remarkably

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ably careless; and no longer ago than last Wednesday he complained that our Ling-liver Oil stunk most abominably; when the blockhead should have known that the excellence of a medicine rises in proportion as it stinks. — But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Dr. WAX dressed like a shoemaker, with a leather apron, and black stockings.

DOCTOR WAX.

Servant, Mr. Mudge, servant.

MUDGE.

I began to think you late, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

You have no reason to complain of my punctuality, Mr. Mudge. I assure you I have had *tempting* offers. My terms with you, Mr. Mudge, are these; the use of a black suit of cloaths and a tye wig, when
I

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I am *in* my profession—I mean *out* of my profession—for I am only a shoemaker, as you all know.

A L L.

Ha! ha! ha!

D R. W A X.

You also by agreement are to provide me with a pair of sleeve ruffles, and a dinner once a week, together with three shillings and sixpence in hard money, on the days I prescribe. Now, what I propose is, that you shall make the sum up five shillings, and at the same time engage to take your shoes of me.

M U D G E.

Agreed.—And now, Doctor, what made you so late today?

D R. W A X.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Mudge, I was debating with my wife whether I had
not

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not better give over the trade of a Doctor. My conscience said Yes; my wife and five children said No.

M U D G E.

A plague of your conscience. A Doctor with a conscience is no Doctor at all. Do you think that Dr. Mead and Dr. Ratcliff could have left forty thousand pounds behind them if they had had any conscience? When I made you a Doctor last year, did I not tell you that you must forswear all conscience? It is one of the most troublesome things an honest man can carry about with him.—But here come some of our patients; so let us retire to dress for their reception. Say not a word more about conscience, Doctor,

D R. W A X.

Not one word more about it, Mr. Mudge, as I hope for forgiveness in the next world.

[*Exeunt* Mudge, Doctor, Apprentices, & Foot-boy.

M A R.

MARROWBONE.

Well might our Master talk against conscience. He is one of the most unconscionable rogues that ever broke bread. Suppose you and I, Caxon, were to endeavour to preserve the small stock of conscience we have left, and turn Methodists? You have a good voice for a *groan*, and I think I can do something as a *Preacher*. Methodism is surely one of the best religions in the world for good eating. You remember Strap, a thin meagre fellow of a barber, that lived, or rather existed, at the next door; he is now grown so sleek and fat with constantly preaching against the good things of this world, that I protest I mistook him, the other day, for Mr. SWILL, the mild ale brewer in the Minorities. But hush! here comes the Doctor.

C

Enter

18 THE DISPENSARY.

Enter DR. WAX, MUDGE, APPRENTICES, and FOOTBOY.

[The Doctor is conducted to his seat with great ceremony. The patients come in, and range themselves in order. A table before the Doctor, with pen, ink, and paper.]

DR. WAX.

During the course of my practice, I have observed that in cold weather, cold diseases prevail, and in hot weather, hot diseases; for which reason I take care to have this Dispensary well supplied with medicines according to the respective seasons. This being a very cold day, I shall only prescribe hot things, so I hope, Mr. Marrowbone, you are well stock'd with powder'd Ginger, Allspice, Mustard, Horseradish, and Cayenne Pepper, for the use of the diseased persons now before me.— You with the red face, come forward. I see you are troubled with a cold scurvy. How long have you had it?

PATIENT

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PATIENT 1.

Near two years, Doctor.—The humour is very hot indeed.

DR. W A X.

I tell you it is very cold, and a true Norway Scurvy.—Give him an Electuary of Cayenne Pepper and Flour of Mustard.

M A R R O W B O N E.

Take this as directed, and wash it down with three spoonfuls of Geneva and Water. You are to pay one shilling.

[Exit Patient.

DR. W A X.

You in the brown coat, come forward. Describe your complaints.

PATIENT 2.

I have a violent pain in my side, which my neighbours call a Pleurisy. I got it by falling down stairs when I was drunk for Admiral Keppel's great victory over the Indians.

C 2

DR.

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DR. W A X.

Give this man an Electuary of Mustard and Ginger, to keep his patriotism warm.

[Exit Patient.

You in the blue coat, come forward.—
What business do you follow, and what
are your complaints?

P A T I E N T 3.

I write for the Ministry. My complaints are, a swimming in my head, with a constant craving for food.

DR. W A X.

I will have nothing to do with Writers for the Ministry. They have a Dispensary of their own.

[Exit Patient.

You in the grey coat, come forward.
What business do you follow, and what
are your complaints?

P A T I E N T 4.

I am a Writer against the Ministry. My complaints are, an obstinate hoarseness and
rising

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rising of the lights. I have bad nights, and horrid dreams.

D R. W A X.

I can do you no service If you are good for any thing, the Ministry will cure you. *[Exit Patient.]*

You in the black coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

P A T I E N T 5.

I am a Poet. My complaints are a violent head ach and looseness, contracted by sitting up late, writing verses for the good of my country.

D R. W A X.

Spread a blister for this patient's head, and recommend him to wipe his backside with his verses.

[Exit Patient.]

Enter

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*Enter a WOMAN supported by two Chairmen;
with her head extravagantly dressed.*

P A T I E N T.

I hope the Dispensary is not far off,

C H A I R M A N

It is close at hand, Madam.

M U D G E.

Place a chair for the Lady. You seem
to be very ill, Madam.

P A T I E N T.

Oh! yes, Sir, I am all in a tremble.
You must know, Gentlemen, that I have
disjointed my ankle bone. An unlucky
hole in the pavement catch'd my heel as I
was

was turning the corner of King-street, and down I came. These two men kindly took me up, and carried me into a Haberdasher's shop, but (could you believe it!) the barbarous wretches refused to let me sit down. They said I was a mad woman. I told them I was house-keeper to Alderman Cockle, and that I was upon my way to a ball at the Mansion-House, given by the Lord Mayor's Cook. This made them ten times worse. One of the Journey-men held a pair of scissors to my throat near a yard long—and I verily believe, if I had not been a Christian, that he would have murdered me. Oh! give me some cordial. I am very sick.

M U D G E.

Give the Lady a glass of Coniac.

P A T I E N T

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P A T I E N T.

A little higher, Sir; (*drinks*) this is right Nantz. Another glass, kind Sir, (*drinks*) Now look at my *poor* ankle.

[*Mr. Marrowbone takes off the Patient's shoe and presents it to Dr. Wax.*]

D R. W A X.

A very fashionable shoe indeed! This must have been the invention of a Surgeon.

M A R R O W B O N E.

I have examined the ankle, and find a violent laceration of the ligaments.

D R. W A X.

Give the Lady a bottle of embrocation, and recommend her to bathe the part with vinegar, night and morning.

M U D G E.

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M U D G E.

Call a chair.

[Enter Chairmen with a chair.]

C H A I R M A N I.

I fear our chair will not take in the
Lady's head.

[Patient gets into the chair.]

P A T I E N T.

Take care of me, Gentlemen, and carry
me safe to Alderman Cockle's, Wholesale
Grocer, at the sign of the Three Sugar-
Loaves, in Gosling-street, opposite the
Punch-House.

[Chair moves off with the head up.]

D R. W A X.

You with the lank hair, come forward.
What are your complaints?

P A T I E N T

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PATIENT 6.

I am sick of love. Mrs. DOROTHY FRIZZ, the Barber's widow, scorneth my importunities. I have told her I am like an icicle upon a penthouse facing the sun. Drop by drop I consume away. She scornfully biddeth me live better, and curl my hair.

D R. W A X.

I can be of no service to you, friend.

M U D G E.

Mr. Marrowbone, give him a little of *your* advice.

M A R R O W B O N E.

I would have you enter into the Militia. It will make a man of you. Eat and drink well. Cock your hat, and powder your hair. Then go to the widow, and cry, Dem'e, Madam, by the foot of Pharaoh! I will have you.

A L L.

Ha! ha! ha!

PATIENT

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PATIENT 6.

O lud! O lud! I can never be a soldier. The very *name* of PAUL JONES frightens me almost out of my senses.

[Exit Patient.

D R. W A X.

You in the green coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

PATIENT 7.

I am by profession a Merry Andrew, but having lost the use of my limbs, I am rendered incapable of getting my living.

D R. W A X.

Go to the Medicated Baths, and in a month's time you will be able to leap like a frog.

[Exit Patient.

You in the green and gold, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

PATIENT 8.

I do teach grown Gentleman and Lady
to

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to dance, but I have fo moch Rheumatic
dat I can nor rise nor faink.

D R. W A X.

Go to the Vapour Baths, and they will
make you as supple as an Eel.

P A T I E N T 8.

Vill de Gentlemen cure me for noting,
for I have got no monies.

D R. W A X.

Probably they will.

P A T I E N T 8.

Den me vill teach de Gentlemen to
dance for noting; for by Gar dey very
moch vant it. [Exit.

D R. W A X.

I assure you, Mr. Mudge, I have seen
more cures perform'd by these Baths than
by all the medicines of the College.

M U D G E.

Begging your pardon, Doctor, they
have

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have already done a wonderful deal of mischief. Mrs. Pigtail, the Tobacconist's wife, was the other day almost melted into a jelly; and one Snip, a Master Taylor, was so sweated, that, for a wager, he jumped thro' his own thimble. Seriously speaking, they must be put down by Parliament, or we shall all be ruined.

DR. WAX.

I will not unsay what I have said for any man in England.

MUDGE.

Is it for this I have fed you, cloathed you, and supported your beggarly family!

DR. WAX.

Sir, I scorn your words.

[They fight, and in the scuffle each receives a bloody nose.]

MUDGE.

Call a Constable—Call a Constable!

[They fight on.]

Enter

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Enter CONSTABLE *and* ATTENDANTS.

CONSTABLE.

Hey day! what's the matter? Has a murder been committed?

MUDGE.

Yes, yes, Mr. Constable; that fellow has committed more murders in my shop, than ten tongues can tell. Seize him, Seize him.

[*The curtain drops.*]

